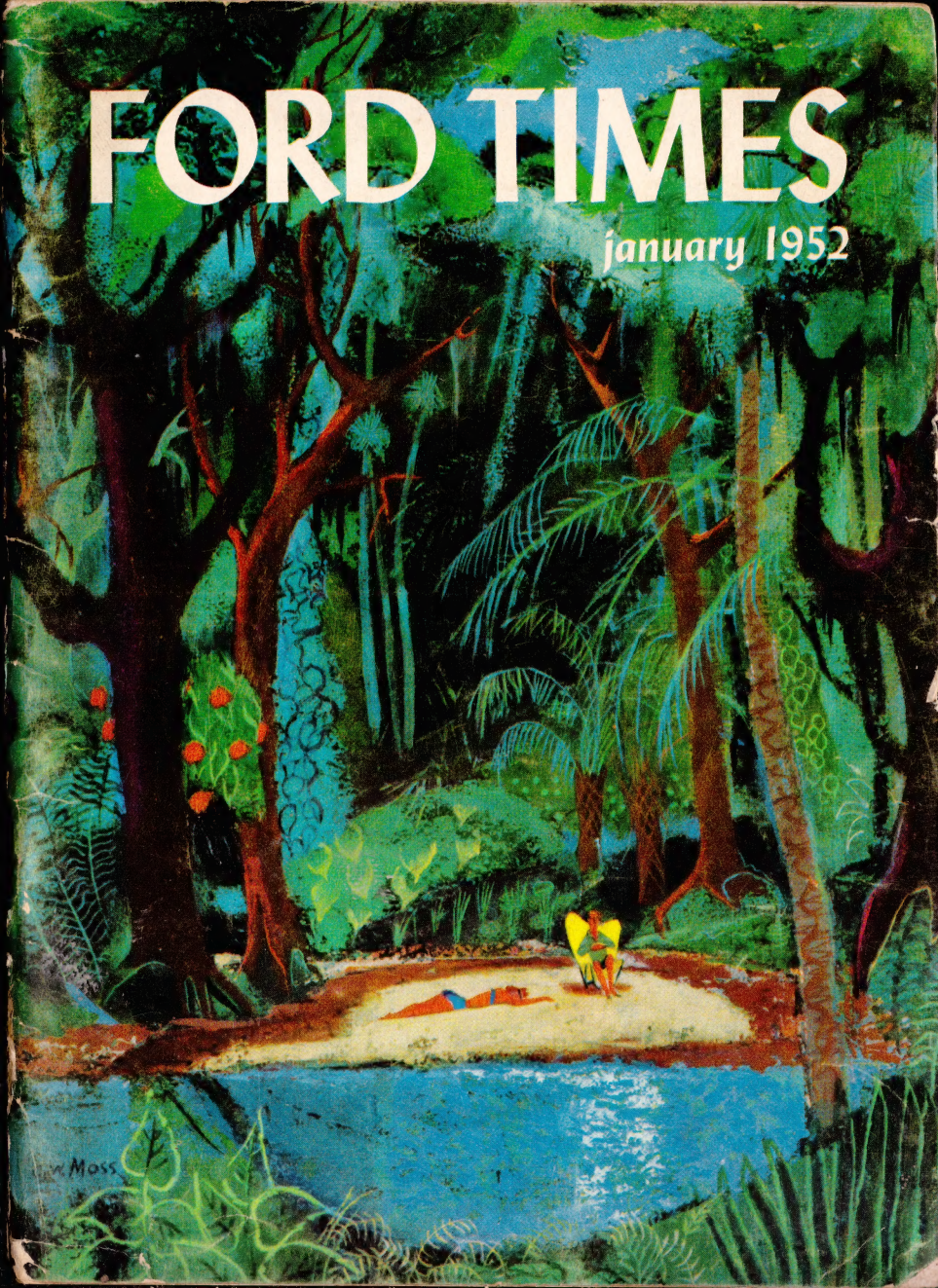


FORD TIMES

january 1952



W. Moss



photograph by John Calkins

SOON after New Year's Day, a city is born on the ice of Tawas Bay in Michigan. It lives for ten weeks, then mysteriously disappears. During its brief but gay life, its sixty houses are inhabited by fishermen from Ohio, Indiana and southern Michigan. There is no rent. Utilities consist chiefly of coal-oil heat, plenty of fresh zero air, and a wan winter sun. Limited medical service is also provided.

Perchville officially springs into life when a truck unloads the varnished-log city hall in the middle of town. Mayor Hank Greenwood, grizzled charter boat skipper, then takes over. He hands out keys to the houses, dispenses small rods, leaders and shiners, and gives out sage advice on where fish may be found. The catch consists mainly of fine-eating Lake Huron yellow perch, though wayward smelt, lake trout, northern pike and lawyer fish occasionally get hooked. For further details see the story by Franklin M. Reck, page 25. ■

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William D. Kennedy	Editor-in-Chief
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Edmund Ware Smith	Managing Editor
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Operation Fish

by George X. Sand

paintings by Bill Moss

OPERATION FISH got under way one March morning in the Crystal River on Florida's west coast.

We were three men in a boat, hoping to discover whether man could be at home in the habitat of fish, a prospect that has been brought into the realm of reasonableness by the wartime development of the Aqua-lung, a neat and self-contained diving outfit that needs no air hoses, lifelines, or boat tenders.

The FORD TIMES had selected Crystal River for the venture because it is one of those Florida streams that leap from the earth in a series of diamond-clear springs. The sparkling sand-filtered water that issues from below at just 72 degrees is neither too cold nor too warm for a swimmer.

At Crystal River, also, is Paradise Point, the luxury resort built by Sam Picard, a collection of glass-walled, comfortably appointed villas and therefore a fine base for any operation.

The members of the operational force were Ronnie Green, manager of Paradise Point; Bill Moss, staff artist on the FORD TIMES and an expert swimmer with Navy underwater training, and myself. A member not present was Bill McDougall, one of the finest "skin" divers in the country, who had provided the Aqua-lung and shown Bill how to use it.

Ronnie had taken us out to a spot not more than a hundred yards off the jut of green lawn on which Paradise Point had been built. Between us and the seawall the water was shallow enough for wading, chest deep. But right where our rowboat rested, the bottom of the river fell abruptly away into shadowy depths. On the shallow side, underwater grasses were leaning gently with the current. On the opposite face we could detect light-gray areas, far below, that Ronnie said were limestone cliffs. Across these areas we could see fish gliding. Farther down, vision ended, but we know that somewhere in the depths



Two divers in the clear spring water of Crystal River.

was one of the headwaters of this river.

I helped Bill Moss get into the harness that holds the tank of compressed air on his back. As I looked over the outfit, it seemed likely that here was the gadget that would permit the average swimmer to become at home in a world heretofore reserved to deep-sea divers and mermaids. There's enough air in the tank to let the swimmer stay under water an hour and forty minutes, without exercise. An automatic valve feeds just the right amount of air to the swimmer through the flexible hose and mouthpiece, no matter what the depth and water pressure. Thus, breathing is never difficult. A face mask keeps the water out of his eyes. And, as Bill explained, the outfit seems to have no weight when you're in the water.

Before going overside, Bill fastened rubber swim fins to his feet. These were a pair of extensions that greatly increased his resemblance to Donald Duck. Preparations finished, he simply stepped over the side, took a tentative underwater breath to

make sure the lung was providing air, then sank below.

From here on, the story is Bill's:

I coasted down maybe twenty-five feet (reported Bill) and noticed right off that though the fish kept a good ten feet away from me, they didn't take fright or dart wildly about. They just kept out of reach. I got into a school of mangrove snappers that must have numbered two hundred. They broke up into smaller schools, several of which swam into crevices in the rock. It became a kind of hide-and-seek game, the fish going in and out of holes and always keeping about the same distance away.

These maneuverings brought me to one of those limestone cliffs, and here I lay poised in the water, without moving. Before long a school of a half dozen snook came nosing around to look me over. They were curious about the bubbles rising from the escape valve behind my shoulders and one came up to within two feet of me, which gave me a fine closeup of the contemptuous sneer that snooks wear.

Snook and mangrove snapper are two of the salt-water fish that come up from the Gulf, seven miles away. Others are sheepshead, porpoises, and the giant sea cows known as manatees. Nobody knows just why they visit these springs, but it's certain they don't come up to feed since the guides tell us that they won't fall for any bait or lure while in fresh water. Possibly the Indian legend that they visit the springs to cure themselves of ills has some truth to it.

In the old days, pirate craft came up Crystal River to obtain fresh water for their casks, and today yachts moor here to permit the fresh water to kill off the barnacles. After a few days the yachts put out to sea again with clean hulls.

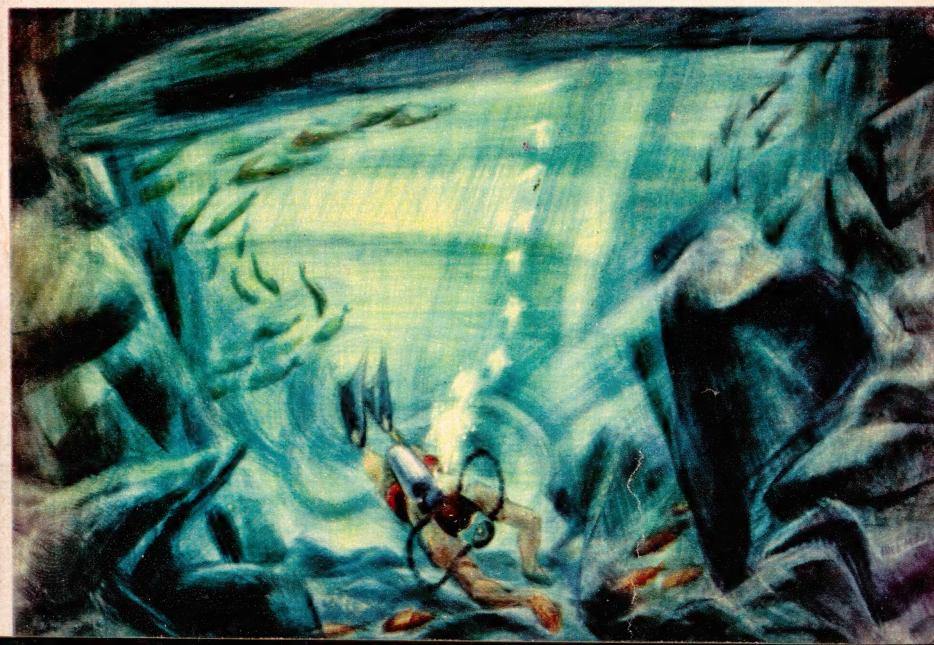
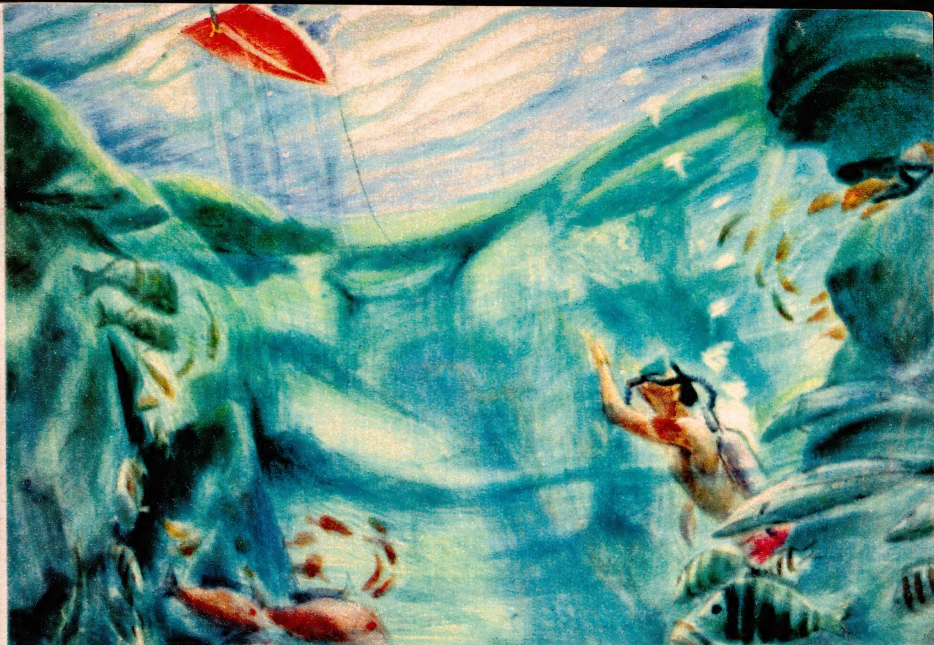
Some fifty feet down, I ventured into a side cavern for perhaps twenty feet, until I remembered something Bill McDougall had told me about underwater caverns.

"Don't let your air bubbles collect on the roof of the cavern," he warned. "Enough pressure can form to fracture chunks of rock and you might find yourself sealed in."

I looked up and noted that the air bubbles seemed to be trailing out through the entrance safely enough. Yet the danger remained and I wasn't reluctant to turn back toward the light.

I went down perhaps sixty-five feet and at no depth was

Exploring an underwater cave at spring's bottom→



there any great feeling of pressure. Now and then I'd have to swallow and get rid of a click in the ears—that's all. Near the bottom were fissures in the rock and from these the water was pouring in a strong current.

I took it easy going up, pausing at successive levels in order to allow time for body pressure to equal the lessening water pressure. Meanwhile I recorded a few impressions of underwater exploration with an Aqua-lung.

For one thing, I had the feeling always of being poised in midair, like a free balloon, though I knew that a mere flutter of my ankles would send me on my way.

The fact that fish were swimming above me somehow bothered me. I kept wanting to look up, a maneuver that was hampered by the limiting effect of the face mask. I had the odd impression that unseen eyes were looking me over.

My imagination kept playing me tricks. In the uncertain underwater light, outlines even of cliff and grotto became fluid and changing. Every unusual contour seemed to be a living thing. It was easy to imagine that an immense sea turtle was hovering in the shadow, or that an alligator was just about to come out of a hole. The effect of the water was to tone down color to mysterious monotones.

After a breather up above, I tried another of the three springs that lay alongside each other at this spot. This one was more shallow, but near the bottom I peeked into a wide crevice and found myself looking into another world.

Beyond the crevice there seemed to be a hundred feet of greater depth, like an immense banquet hall. And on the floor of this cavern, was a patch of sand gleaming in brilliant sunlight. Across the bright patch, distant fish were swimming.

It gave me the feeling that all Florida was underlain with water-filled grottoes, through which a man might swim for miles, going from room to room. The bright sand baffled me, until I realized that the sun was at such an angle that it poured into the lower cavern past my shoulders.

So the above was Bill's impression of the world of fish on the Crystal River. In addition to the salt-water varieties he saw countless large bass and bream (bluegills). A few miles downstream where the water becomes brackish, he had an underwater circus spearing sheepshead.

For this sport he used a kind of aluminum gun in which the spear is placed and cocked against powerful bands of surgical

rubber. A trigger releases the spear, and the effective range is about six feet, which is the length of the cord that connects spear head with gun.

On the lawn of Paradise Point, Bill and I pondered another evidence that underneath the land lies a maze of watery highways that probably lead all the way to the Gulf, seven miles away. Here in the grass is a small spring-fed pool in which Ronnie Green keeps such fresh-water fish as bass and bream. Now and then he tosses in a salt-water variety, like mangrove snapper. Invariably, within a day, the salt-water fish disappear:

Obviously they must escape through the four-by-eight inch hole in the bottom of the spring. Where this doorway leads is anybody's guess, but old-timers say it leads to the Gulf.

It seems likely that the Aqua-lung is the key that will unlock the door to Florida's underground universe of clear and warm spring water. Nothing is required beyond the ability to swim and the intelligence to operate a reasonably foolproof and simple piece of equipment. ■

Large school of mangrove snappers.



Cutter Racing at Jackson Hole

photographs by Ray Atkeson

JACKSON HOLE, Wyoming, is, of course, pretty much a summer place. Its principal purpose is to give tourists, trail riders, dude ranchers and fly-casters a lot of fun to the accompaniment of peerless weather amidst peerless scenery.

But when the rather brief season is over and the summer people have gone, the year-round residents don't just sit around and whittle the winter away waiting for next year's business. They have fun with the ample ice and snow of the region. In particular, they practice for and then stage a three-day weekend of cutter racing. It attracts the attention of residents in a wide area around the town of Jackson.

The races are the finals in a circuit which includes teams from many towns in Idaho and Wyoming. Usually thoroughbreds and quarter horses are used to draw the frail one-man cutters. The pictures on the opposite page show two views of the racing.

This year the races are to be held on February 15, 16 and 17, and the schedule goes something like this: cutter racing for the men's and women's championships each afternoon from 1:00 to 4:30; square dancing at 8:30 the first night; a fusee ski parade down Snow King Mountain at 6:30 the second night, followed by square dancing; coronation of Queen of the Cutter Races at 7:30 the final night.

A few other things are thrown in. For example, there is a kids' dog race, with the small fry sitting on anything that will slide on ice—sleds, elk hides, even snow shovels. There is also a barefoot race, just for the fun of it.

Jackson Hole is in northwestern Wyoming, just south of Yellowstone National Park. Jackson is a bit south of the Hole proper, but considered part of it. If you are there in the middle of February you will hear a cutter thundering down Main Street and know you are in for a high time.



Three R's on the Range

by Raymond Carlson

photographs by Allen C. Reed

IF YOU add riding, roping, and ranching to reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, you have a western ranch school. The desert and foothill country of central and southern Arizona and neighboring southwestern states provides a perfect natural setting for these unusual educational institutions. Alert educators, taking advantage of this setting and the extremely mild winter climate, operate various types of schools to fit the individual needs of boys and girls from all over the United States, and from some foreign countries.

Typical of such schools, and in many respects one of the best, is the Quarter Circle V Bar, located in the Agua Fria River valley of central Arizona, at an elevation of 3,800 feet. The school is twelve miles from Mayer, Arizona, which is eighty miles north of Phoenix on State Highway 69. It accepts boys and girls of school ages, from the first through the twelfth grades.

Life at the Quarter Circle V Bar is well-rounded and interesting, as well as educational. Formal studies are of first importance—the curriculum is intense and carefully planned. Outdoor recreation is also stressed; tennis, swimming, riding and other sports are natural activities here where the climate

Above right: New students arriving at the Quarter Circle V Bar first get into their levis, then are shown around the ranch school. Below right: Visiting parents often slip away from the crowded grandstand to get a close-up of Junior coming out of the chute.



Getting an education is fun in the rustic setting of a ranch, especially when classrooms are modern and well-designed. →

is pleasant all through the school year.

Equally important, however, are the benefits—tangible and intangible—of locating a school on a real, working ranch. It assures a congenial, home-like atmosphere, and the students take an active part in the ranch and farm life. Each one has his own daily chores, which helps to develop the qualities of good citizenship and individual responsibility.

The school began as a ranch—and it still is. Imagine a campus of 40,000 acres of rolling foothills! At the Quarter Circle V Bar, Hopalong Cassidy is no particular hero. How could he be, when everybody lives the life of Hoppy every day?

This fine, modern school had very simple beginnings. In 1929 Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Orme, both Stanford University graduates, were operating a small farm in the Salt River Valley, near Phoenix. They had three small children, Charlie, Jr., Mort, and Kathryn. Wanting more room for their family, they bought the Quarter Circle V Bar ranch, but when they arrived there they realized that educational facilities for their children and for their foreman's children were nonexistent, because of poor roads and the long distances to available schools.

The only answer was to employ their own teacher, which they did. Stanford classmates of the Ormes, hearing of their school, asked to be allowed to enroll their children, too. So the Quarter Circle V Bar became a school as well as a ranch. The most casual visitor can see that the combination is a successful and happy one.

The Ormes feel that their own experience proves the value of their program for training children. Their sons, Charlie and Mort, and their daughter, Kathryn, attended the ranch school, continued studies at Phoenix, and then went on to have outstanding careers at Stanford. Charlie and Mort, with their wives, are now closely identified with the Quarter Circle V Bar as school executives and teachers.

As the school grew, so did its facilities, but the friendly family ranch atmosphere has been carefully maintained. Living quarters are spacious and simple. There are tennis courts, a swimming pool, a workshop, and ample playgrounds. But the

Carved out of the dry Arizona range land, the Quarter Circle V Bar is an oasis of green fields and cool shade trees. →



Contact with home is through this post box, two miles away. The mailman comes every other day, often finds riders waiting for him. →

daily life of the students is "Western" in its most wholesome sense.

When a new student arrives the first thing he does is to put away city clothes and don Western garb—not for atmosphere, but for comfort and convenience. Then comes his introduction to the riding horse assigned to him. The horse, incidentally, plays an important part in the student's life, as well it should when he is part of a large ranch operation.

Children care for their own horses, maintain their own quarters, and take part in all daily chores of the ranch. The older boys and girls participate actively in the roundups which are held twice a year. Eighty percent of the food used at the school is grown on the ranch, which necessitates willing and ready hands in the farm operation. Much of this work is done by the students themselves. Boys from Eastern cities, who may never have seen a cow in their lives, become adept milkers in a few short weeks. Girls arriving at the school with no knowledge of domestic science soon find themselves sewing curtains or canning vegetables. What's more, they are enormously proud of these new accomplishments.

Many of the boys, with their parents' permission, enter the contests in bronc riding, calf roping, calf riding, and other events in the numerous junior rodeos conducted around the state.

Every day is a busy day at the Quarter Circle V Bar. Classes are interspersed with recreation periods throughout the morning and afternoon. Living close together as they do, students and teachers share a warm, personal relationship which helps to make the youngsters' lives happier and fuller.

Friday is movie night, and on Saturday evenings there are Western dances. The main ranch house shakes with the rhythm of square dances, polkas, and Virginia reels, and above the din can be heard the treble of a youthful caller's voice:

*"Ladies to the center and back to the bar,
Gents to the center and form a star . . ."*

The aim of the Quarter Circle V Bar is to make "good hands" of the students, in the expressive lingo of the West. And a good hand from this friendly school will make a good hand almost anywhere. ■

The friendly, home-like atmosphere is evident at meals, when all the students and instructors eat at one long ranch-style table. →



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

'49 Convertible Creates a Stir

by Burgess H. Scott

THE CAR pictured on page 18 has caused repeated flurries of excitement in the vicinity of Washington, D. C. It has stopped traffic in Cleveland and Florida, and is quite likely to do the same thing wherever its owners, Frank and Eugene Marquardt, decide to drive it.

The Alexandria, Virginia, brothers have kept the car within a seventy-five-mile radius of home for most of the time since they converted it, and to date estimate they have had five hundred chances to sell it for substantial sums.

The car is a prime example of a well planned and executed conversion designed to do a specific job well. When the Marquardts began work on the car they had three requirements in mind: a six-passenger car with plenty of leg room; generous luggage space; and power to pull their Thistle Class sailboat through traffic and over the highway with six heavy persons in the car.

They started with a 1949 V-8 convertible. They removed the entire top, but left the hydraulic lifting mechanism in place. Then they took out the entire back seat, the recess that the top folded into, the inside rear side panels, and the hand-operated assembly for raising and lowering the rear windows.

The hydraulic pistons that once raised and lowered the top were attached to the rear windows so that they could be moved up or down at a touch of the under-dash control.

The foregoing changes enabled the brothers to install a wider, deeper rear seat. Made of plywood, the seat and back were covered with thick airfoam and tilted back to permit passengers to sleep comfortably. The comfort was increased

with the addition of a three-inch sponge rubber headrest across the full width of the seat.

New rear panels of plywood with built-in ashtrays were installed and the entire interior was upholstered with heavy brown imitation leather and genuine red and brown leather. Large airplane-type pockets were placed on the backs of the front seats.

The skillfully built wooden top was made of Philippine, African, South American, and Honduras mahogany, tongued and grooved, and fitted together with waterproof glue. When the shape of the top prevented the Marquardts from using clamps, they joined the pieces with screws. After the glue had set the screws were removed, the holes were bored out, and dowels were driven in. Three-eighths-inch planking was used for the top surface.

The top was attached in front by four long brass screws which were covered when the windshield frame was re-assembled. In the rear the top was secured by five brass wood screws, driven from inside the trunk through holes bored in the rear deck body metal. The new top can be removed in fifteen minutes with screwdriver only, and weighs no more than the original convertible top with its crossbars and various linkages.

The wooden top doesn't interfere with opening and closing of the trunk lid. More luggage space was gained by extending the rear bumper and mounting the spare outside, Continental-style. Excess luggage may be fastened between the top rails.

The engine's acceleration was greatly increased with aluminum high compression heads, manifold with dual carburetion, and special ignition. Since extreme top speed was not desired, the brothers retained the original valve timing. No change was made in the rear end ratio or in the conventional transmission.

As the addition of the top and weight loss brought about by the engine changes caused the center of gravity to shift to the rear, the rear springs were changed for a type having two constant section main leaves, four tapered leaves, and one short constant section leaf. The result of all this, say the Marquardts, is a smooth-driving, smooth-riding car with no sway or wander at high speeds fully loaded.

The brothers, who work for the Navy Department as ordnance design engineers, soon began to get a strong public reaction to their masterpiece. When the car, called "The Yachtsman," is driven into a filling station or parking lot a



crowd almost always gathers. One service station attendant forgot about filling the tank in his rush to telephone friends to hurry and see the car.

It was the same when they took the Yachtsman on its only two trips so far, one to Cleveland, and one to Florida. What's it cost? What's it for? and Where can I get one? are the questions most frequently asked, although there have been some strange conjectures from the crowds. One man declared that the car was built for super speeds and that the top rails were there to stabilize it. Another, just as positive, said no, that in reality the top could be removed and be used as a toboggan.

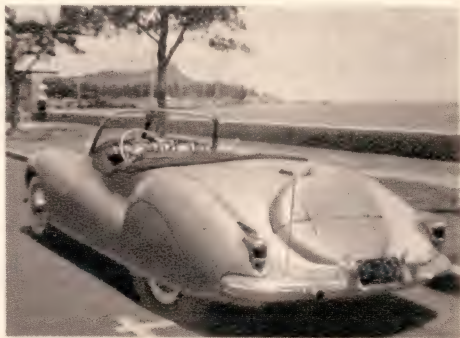
Perhaps the strangest guess as to the identity of the Yachtsman came from a man who was certain that, although it was a car on land, it could be rolled over to become a cruiser in water.

* * *

Last summer the first Hawaiian custom car show was held in Honolulu, and the winner was the roadster shown in the inset photograph. The car was built by Micho Oshiro, proprietor of a body shop, from a 1938 Ford convertible in seven months at a cost of \$1,300.

Oshiro channeled the body and reworked the springs to lower the car to a minimum road clearance of eight inches. Front fenders, brakes, and transmission are from a 1940 Ford. Rear fenders are from a Lincoln Zephyr, and a 1940 Ford panel delivery furnished the seats. Body panels and fender fadeaways were hand formed from 22-gauge sheet steel. Flush doors with concealed hinges were built by Oshiro.

One unusual feature is that the floorboard was lowered around the brake and clutch pedals to give a more natural sitting position. The upholstery is red leather over airfoam cushioning, the top is white canvas, and the car is finished in silver lacquer. (Photo courtesy *Motor Trend* magazine.)





He Always Walks to the Nearest Exit

by Pete Barrett

paintings by Charles Culver

ONE MORNING in New Hampshire I came upon a frenzied bull and a skunk squared off in a pasture. This was heartening, as I have never liked bulls and this one was plainly not in command of the situation. The little skunk would take a few steps and stop, eying the bull with a disdain worthy of a matador. Invariably this triggered the animal into

a turf-ripping, snorting approach and a vicious hook at nearby weeds.

Coolly, the skunk would take another little trip—always toward a protecting stone wall—then hoist its tail and stare at the bull.

Well, you know how bulls are. This one got too brave. Instantly the skunk's head went down and its tail came stiffly erect. Then it sprayed from a devastating five feet. Partly blinded, the bull rushed off in agony. Once again a skunk had *walked* away from grave danger.

Completely sold on their impregnability, skunks walk amiably through life. An old skunk is usually fat—he has seldom hurried. Ever notice how many dead skunks there are on the highways? This is partly because they won't run from peril, partly because they believe to the last in the power of their terrible scent. A railroad engineer told me his train was sprayed on two occasions by a skunk near the tracks. I know of a skunk that let fly at a house because it was startled—and probably angered—by a slamming door.

The one credible report I've had of a scared skunk is when someone, finding a ready skunk across his path in the woods, imitated the cry of the great horned owl. The skunk, thinking he'd heard his one great enemy, beat it for the brush.

In some rural areas they'll tell you the animal dispenses its trademark by saturating its tail with the liquid and then flicking it at an enemy. Actually, a muscular contraction expels the stuff from a pair of glands beneath the tail to a distance of about ten feet. It is strongly acid and can cause temporary blindness.

For about the same reason that Russian roulette is played, back-country folk often try picking up and carrying a live skunk by the tail—they know he is loaded but they don't think he'll fire. The theory is that the critter needs to have its feet braced to atomize. My friend George Heinold tells of a night when a customer stepped from the rear of a country bar and reappeared toting a skunk by the tail. Successfully holding the skunk before him, the fellow emptied the bar.

Not long afterward George saw a skunk. Walking, of course. He picked it up by the tail. It refused to conform to theory and George had to go bury his shirt. Persistent, George later elevated another polecat. He buried that shirt too. To my mind this only proves that the animals are whimsical; he should have picked up three skunks.

Most wild animals treat a skunk as if it were a ticking time bomb and walk carefully around it. Bears are quite polite; so are mountain lions. In return for such deference, skunks behave pretty decently and often show remarkable self-control even when annoyed. There was Mickey, for instance, a skunklet presented to a friend of mine when we were school-children. What a workout we gave that skunk! We did just about everything but use him for a basketball, and he loved it. We had been told that Mickey had been "fixed," of course.

Cats and dogs gave the young skunk plenty of room. Then one Sunday morning, after Mickey had been a household pet for about three months, a new kid showed up with a sassy fox terrier on a leash.

"That skunk safe?" the new kid wanted to know.

"Sure."

"Betcha he's scared of my dog then."

"Naw."

So the kid unsnapped his dog, which went yipping over to



Mickey, who retreated carefully. The terrier pursued, getting nastier. And then an incredible thing happened—Mickey erected his tail and stank up the dog. Our patient playmate had been armed all along!

Nowadays genuinely deactivated young skunks can be bought from animal dealers for about \$20 F.O.B. They make fine pets for youngsters because they are as playful as Siamese kittens and are possibly even more affectionate. Young ones can be housebroken and taught to come when called, and often will follow their masters like a dog. They keep themselves fastidiously clean. As if all this were not enough, pets grow up to become terrific mousers.

It seems possible that young skunks make good pets because they are a gregarious, family-minded breed in the wild state. Litters of about six are born in springtime and the mother looks after the whole crew—with occasional help from the old man—for a year. Skunks are mostly nocturnal and more than once I have seen a mother abroad of a moonlit night, the little ones toddling along in single file like a well-ordered conga line. She would be showing them such skunk tricks as how to raid a hornets' nest and dispatch its prized occupants before they wake up.

Aside from farmers and trappers, few people realize the extent of skunkdom in this country. The common striped skunk, which reaches the size of a house cat, and the smaller spotted skunk blanket the entire U. S. and much of Canada. Hog-nosed skunks, which go in for considerable rooting for insects and grubs, inhabit parts of our Southwest and extend into Mexico. The total population is somewhere in the millions.

Back in the days when long-haired furs were in fashion, Maine trappers used to harvest 100,000 or so skunks a season and ship the pelts to Philadelphia, whence they'd go to Paris to appear as "monkey" skins. Today the annual skunk-fur harvest in the U. S. is around 330,000, with most of this take appearing in our stores as fur garments under a variety of glamorous-sounding names.

The skunk and the rabbit have been so maligned in this respect that Congress has at last come to their aid with a law which becomes effective in August of next year. Then furriers can no longer label skunk as "Alaska sable," "genuine civet cat," or "black marten." However this affects furriers, it seems certain there will be plenty of skunks around for a long time, living the good life and trying to stay out of trouble. ■



My Favorite Town-on-Ice

Perchville, Michigan

by *Franklin M. Reck*

photographs by John Calkins

IN the northern latitudes, the surest sign of winter is the appearance of the fish shanty. As inevitably as the robin pipes in spring, the little square house with the stovepipe announces the arrival of the deep freeze. Clusters of shanties materialize out of nowhere whenever the ice on lakes and bays gets four inches thick. They disappear just as mysteriously when the ice becomes spongy.

Mostly, the groupings are informal and private, but here and there the clusters have blossomed out into civic enterprises with city halls, "mayors," ballyhoo and assorted services.

The latest of these is Perchville, a creation of the business men of East Tawas and Tawas City, Michigan. Perchville is a colorful community. Its main street, lined with sixty houses, is an oasis of activity in the immense whiteness of Tawas Bay. It has a centrally located city hall built of varnished logs where Mayor Hank Greenwood—a charter boat skipper in summer—hands out keys and bait to bundled-up patrons from Grand Rapids, Detroit and points south.

The shacks are uninhibited in design and color. Each is sponsored by a business house, and no building restrictions hampered the zany imaginations of the builders. Here is a shanty shaped like a gas storage tank with a dinosaur painted on the outside. Yonder is a flower shop, its walls flaunting bright red roses against the Antarctic expanse. A sports shop features gaudy murals of fishermen in a trout stream and ducks on the wing. Farther on is an exact replica of a trailer. The Ford shanty is a model of the downtown dealership. The shanty provided by the local fish market bears a reassuring sign. "No need of going without fish," it consoles. "If you don't get 'em here, stop at our market!"

Above left: Brilliant summer-time scene on a fish shanty.

Below left: The Ford shanty is a model of the dealership.



← *Fishing in the open exercises the crouching muscles.*

Perchville not only refuses to charge rent for its shanties, but it guarantees a certain amount of limited and specialized free medical service. Over the shack provided by Doctor O. W. Mitton reads a sign: "Fishhooks removed from humans free." This offer was accepted at least once, when a Perchville visitor had a fishhook removed from the lobe of his ear.

The Perchville idea was born in the restless brain of Harold Gould, six-foot-four druggist of East Tawas. In the fall of 1949 he reached the conclusion that while the town's winter sports area, Silver Valley, was doing some good, something more was needed. He drew up a colored map of Tawas Bay and presented it to the Chamber of Commerce with the suggestion that the Chamber sponsor a town-on-ice.

With Gould, Mike Nunn (hardware), and Ken Barnes (hotel) to push things, the sounds of saw and hammer rang through Tawas, and on January 7, thirty-three shanties were loaded on trucks. With great fanfare the parade proceeded through the town to Tawas Bay, where Perchville was duly established and properly christened.

The joy lasted far into the night and continued on a more moderate scale for just one week. Toward the evening of January 14 a breeze whipped up, and the next morning the enterprising merchants looked out from their bayshore homes to discover that the village of thirty-three houses had dwindled to eleven. The others were smashed up on shore, a mile away.

"We didn't know much about anchoring 'em," Gould explains. "Most of us had fastened 'em to the ice with long spikes, and it wasn't enough."

No sooner was the town re-established than a second wind came up, taking all but fourteen houses. By this time the merchants were deeply discouraged, but the uncouth cackles of laughter drifting northward from the nearby towns of Pinconning and Standish put steel in their spines. This time the landlords ran stout chains through the ice and looped them through the fishin' hole. After that, the community stayed put and visitors arrived in gratifying numbers to fish by day and patronize the estaminets by night.

There's a fascination about shanty fishing that is hard to explain. The shanty with its heater not only keeps the fisherman warm, but it blocks out the daylight so that the only

← *Strange rigs convey fishermen over the white expanse.*



← *A fine mess of Tawas perch, gleaming with frost.*

source of light is from the rectangular fishing hole. This permits the fisherman to see deep into the water. He gets much the same thrill out of this as the tourist who gazes through a porthole at the sea life in Florida's Marineland.

The most popular bait with Tawas perch fishermen is a small shiner on a bare hook and a light leader, but other baits such as grubs and corn borers are also used. The commercial fishermen, who shun the shanties and go dragging their sleds over the open ice, use a fisheye on a Russian spoon—a small spoon, gold on the outside with a red spot on the other. The fisheye doesn't come off easily, which means that when the fish start biting the skilled fisherman can haul 'em up fast. But there's nothing the commercial fisherman resents more than to have an amateur spud a hole nearby and start fishing with shiners. Ruins eye-fishing, he says. He gets so wrought up about this that he usually moves to a new location.

Some of the outfits that cruise over Tawas Bay are wonderful to behold. One man has what amounts to a three-sled train. The first sled is powered with an outboard motor that drives a toothed wheel that is kept in contact with the ice by means of a strong spring. A blade fastened to the bottom of a tiller provides a steering device. The second sled contains the fishing box, which furnishes a seat for the partner. The third sled holds a collapsible canvas fishing shanty. This icy version of the Twentieth Century Limited goes chugging over the bay at a good two miles an hour hunting for the perch population. "Beats walkin'," the owner states.

Fishing on Tawas Bay is good and bad, after the manner of fishing everywhere, but the catch doesn't seem to make much difference to the growing popularity of Perchville, because Perchville and its sister towns-on-ice are an escape, an excuse to get away for a weekend. Much coin has changed hands over a cribbage board in a fish shanty. The bench and stove are conducive to quiet meditation and rewarding conversation. Men return from Perchville and its sister communities nose-reddened, frost-bit, oven-toasted and refreshed.

So Perchville continues to grow and the downtown merchants examine their winter sales totals with increasing satisfaction. Catering to God's frozen people, East Tawas says, is good business. ■

← *A reliable bait is a Russian spoon and a perch eye.*



Too Many Treasure Troves

by William Rivers

paintings by Robert Collins

THERE are thousands of stories about buried treasure in the U. S. If you were to take each one and consider it with a cold, critical, sensible eye, it would usually add up to this: *Maybe* there's gold buried at such and such a place, and *maybe* if you dig at the right spot, *maybe* you'll find it.

But Louisiana is different. In Louisiana there are more "documented" stories and "authentic" treasure maps per square mile than in any other state. The difference is that in the Bayou State, treasure has been found in astonishing amounts—caches hastily buried by plantation owners during the Civil

War, and pirate gold buried by Jean Lafitte, Henry Morgan, and Pierre Rameau. The odds are with you if you go treasure hunting in Louisiana, because without doubt many another fortune, perhaps modest, perhaps huge, is still to be discovered.

The richest strike in Louisiana history was made in 1929, when \$75,000 in coins was found on the dry bed of the Calcasieu River in western Louisiana. The best authorities believe the money was buried a few yards from shore, underwater, by pirates. The discovery was accidental, as is the case in most discoveries of hidden wealth in Louisiana.

The reason the Calcasieu find wasn't made a hundred years ago is quite simple: the Cajun country of southern Louisiana breeds such wild tales of buried treasure, pirate maps and guardian ghosts that a stranger has trouble deciding which to believe. The Cajuns themselves don't often look for treasure because they are afraid of the spirits of crewmen murdered by pirate chiefs at the site of the caches.

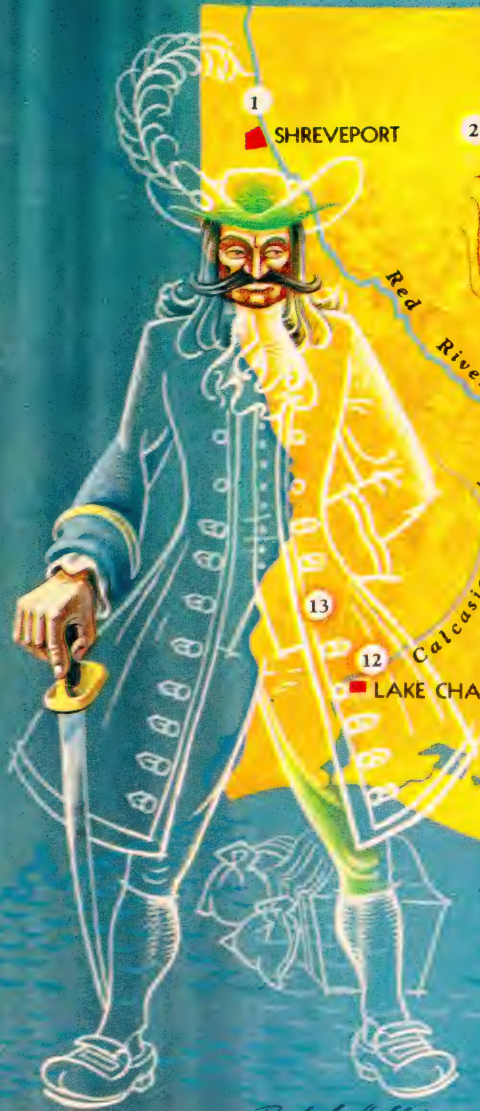
The problem for the amateur treasure hunter is to separate fact from fancy. This has not always proved difficult.

John Patorno of New Orleans, for example, invented a radio device which responded to non-magnetic metals, a makeshift semblance of a Geiger counter, and located \$1300. The treasure was found in two boxes, buried just across the river from New Orleans on the grounds of the Naval Station in Algiers. That was in 1935, when the horrific tales of ghosts had lost much of their sting for younger Louisianans.

Earlier, Patorno led a gold-hunting party to Coca Island, armed with a map which had been turned up by a Mississippi ferryboat pilot. The party located the spot indicated on the map and Patorno's radio diviner began to buzz right on schedule. But whether there is treasure on Coca is still unknown, because seeping water and sandy soil caused a cave-in and two near-fatalities on the third day of the hunt. Patorno stopped searching on Coca.

Other treasure hunters have tried the same island, but they, too, found the shifting ground and seeping water too dangerous. Perhaps the romantic riddle of the Coca Island cache, supposedly left by Lafitte, could be solved more easily by a civil engineer than by the usual treasure hunters of Louisiana.

Less calculated methods than Patorno's, even though they conform to no physical laws, have yielded rewards for other treasure hunters. The oldtime spirit controllers, who are not much in demand in this scientific age, claim theirs is the only



1 SHREVEPORT

2 MONROE

Red River

Texas River

5 ALEXANDRIA

6 AVOYELLES PARISH

12 LAKE CHARLES

Calcasieu River

14 BATON ROUGE

Mississippi

Bayou

1. ...
2. ...
3. ...
4. ...
5. ...
6. ...

Robert Collins

TREASURE IN LOUISIANA

OF RED RIVER

The Boat Monterey buried under sands of shore.
gold found inside, but others buried nearby.

STON

John Skinner found chest with German, Mexican,
Spanish coins worth \$1,000 inside, dating to 1777.

BANKS OF TENNESSEE RIVER

Well-documented stories of planta-
tion owner's gold buried near home.

WATERPROOF

Some of the recent discoveries, which
yielded several gold coins to searcher.

MUSEUM

City carrying gold through wilderness near Lincolem set
up by Indians, gold buried in vicinity and never found.

MARKSVILLE

City containing 3,000 pieces of
gold found near Marksville.



7 PARLANGE PLANTATION

Planter buried \$300,000 in gold, only partly recovered.

8 BREAUX BRIDGE

Slaves murdered Narcisse Thibodeaux,
buried gold outside town.

9 JEFFERSON ISLAND

Silver coins found, more rumored in vicinity.

10 ABBEVILLE

Pre-Civil War silverware found here.

11 PECAN ISLAND

Historians believe this is one of more likely
areas, since many outlaw bands were based here.

12 BED OF CALCASIEU RIVER

\$75,000 found in dry bed.

13 WYNDHAM CREEK

Famous "Lost Mine of Wyndham Creek" is
old gold mine that has never been found.

14 MISSISSIPPI BANKS NEAR BATON ROUGE

Next to Grand Isle, Lafitte's most likely caches.

15 LA. & ARK. RR NEAR BATON ROUGE

21 Spanish doubloons in load of gravel that is believed
to have come from Grand Isle or near Barataria Fort.

16 BOGALUSA

Strong and persistent rumors of pirate treasure here.

17 HONEY ISLAND

Hunters found \$1,000. Pirate Pierre Rameau and fugi-
tives from law in 1890's made this island headquarters.

18 HIGHWAY BETWEEN CONVENT AND LUTCHER

Indian mound 50 feet high yielded gold, old silverware.

19 NEW ORLEANS

Lafitte-era gold found under home,
Orleans and Bourbon Streets.

20 NAVAL STATION, ALGIERS

Patomo's divining machine lo-
cated two caches worth \$1300.

21 GRETTA

\$65,000 found outside town; believed both planta-
tion and pirate gold. Still likely place for hunt.

22 FAIRFIELD PLANTATION

Planter buried valuables when Farragut
came up river; vague map extant.

23 SHELL BEACH, LAKE BORGNE

Coins dated 1800 found on beach by children,
lost from sunken vessels; outstanding area.

24 RUINS OF FORT AT BARATARIA

Spanish doubloons, golden earrings found in fireplace.

25 BERTHOUD'S CEMETERY

Cemetery built over ancient Indian
mound where gold had been found.

26 GRAND ISLE

Pirate Jean Lafitte's headquarters; best site for hunt.

27 WESTERN ISLE OF CHANDELEURS

Three chests of doubloons buried, map still extant.

way to locate treasure without experiencing serious mishaps.

The controllers, true sons of the Cajun country, rely on their knowledge of water spirits and all the seven varieties of land demons to protect and aid search parties. These men have an involved mumbo-jumbo connected with their controlling—a divining rod to find the treasure, sticks driven in the ground to form a circle thirteen feet around the treasure site, no talking, sweating or spitting allowed inside the circle. But they have found treasure.

Jefferson Island yielded \$800 to a controller in 1923, and two years later a cache of silver was found at Abbeville by an adolescent who was said to have been hypnotized by a controller.

And although there is some doubt about the exact sum (\$65,000 was the claim), controllers located the second largest strike in Louisiana history at the little town of Gretna.

There are cases, too, of discoveries that can only be charged up to pure accident. A farmer in Avoyelles Parish uncovered an iron pot filled with 3,000 gold pieces. John Skinner, another farmer, who lives near Ruston in northern Louisiana, shattered his plow blade on a box containing nearly 1,000 gold coins.

Pierre Rameau made Honey Island, which is between Louisiana and Mississippi in the Pearl River, prime ground for a treasure hunt by using the island as the base of operations for his crews. Two hunters found an iron chest filled with coins worth \$1,000 on Honey Island, but the chest is believed to have been buried by latter-day pirates, fugitives from the law during the 1890's.

Most historians think the small islands and larger bayous are the best possibilities for pirate treasure locales. Both Henry Morgan and the notorious Lafitte had headquarters on Grand Isle, two miles offshore from the edge of the Mississippi delta marsh. A bloated cigar-shape in the Gulf of Mexico, Grand Isle is still home for many descendants of the pirate crews.

Valuables buried by plantation-owners have been discovered more often than genuine pirate treasure, but the richest of the old slave lands still hold their wealth, undiscovered. The Lost World of Louisiana in the Tensas region, the pre-Civil War kingdom of Colonel Norman Frisbee on the Tensas River, once boasted 12,000 acres planted in cotton, with fifty-two miles of riverfront.

Shortly before Frisbee died, he carried a wagonload of gold

into the forest near his home for fear the Yankees would confiscate it. The plantation king was accompanied by two slaves, whom he killed. Frisbee died with his secret in a knife-fight and none of the gold has ever been found.

The crumbling Frisbee mansion is a monstrous shell that now consists of twenty-eight sagging pillars and a round mound of bricks outlining a never-completed house that would have measured more than 10,000 square feet. Some of the countryside around it has been turned over time and again for years. In December of 1950 a party went out to search the ruins, but did little more than scratch the surface. Even though there is no trace of the treasure, Frisbee's descendants are sure that such a productive empire should yield at least one wagon load of gold.

On and on the tales and legends go—legends until someone stumbles across a buried chest or an iron pot. Then the storytellers begin again, building on a snatch of fact or fancy until they are sure they are reciting a solid story, handed down through Cajun generations, telling, not of non-existent treasure, but of too many such treasure troves.



Palo Duro Canyon

photographs by V. C. and E. J. Claytor

ONE of the reasons that Palo Duro Canyon provides a pleasant distraction for tourists—aside from the fact that it is both deep and beautiful—is the fact that it comes as a rather unexpected surprise in land that is generally flat and undistinguished.

It lies in the plains country of the Texas Panhandle and has been gouged out by Palo Duro Creek to a depth of 1120 feet. On the map it resembles a centipede, with innumerable short canyons leading into it, like legs.

Travelers can get a great deal of pleasure out of Palo Duro Canyon. It has real, unpolished cowboys; all kinds of animals, including buffalo, coyotes, longhorns, and two hundred species of bird; and El Coronado Lodge, with excellent accommodations. Palo Duro Canyon State Park is open all year, and as a place for hiking and trail riding it is superb.

At all times of the year, tourists are likely to find themselves in the company of geologists, for the action of the creek has clearly revealed four strata, ranging from Permian Red Clay beds two hundred and fifty million years old, through Triassic, Pliocene and Pleistocene eras, with great wealth of color and fossils of strange animals.

In the upper picture on the opposite page is the Kneeling Camel. In the lower is the Lighthouse, one of the canyon's landmarks, as seen from Frog Lake. It was named by Coronado, who came there in 1541, and who retained and translated into Spanish the Indian name for the canyon, which means "hardwood."

The way to get to Palo Duro Canyon when traveling on U. S. 66 is to turn south from Amarillo on U. S. 87 about seventeen miles to Canyon, Texas, and then go twelve miles east on State Highway 217. People who "collect" canyons on their travels will consider this a prize.



A Pinch of Saltillo

by Margo Shaw

paintings by Harry H. Shaw

BEING a conscientious sort of greenhorn, I took a list of "useful phrases" along when we went below the Rio Grande. On the broad highway leading toward Monterrey, we stopped long enough for me to try one on a Mexican who was smiling at us beside the road.

"*Favor de indicarme el camino a Saltillo,*" I said.

He smiled even more broadly—for two reasons, I decided: one, my sad Spanish accent; two, I was asking the way to a place that pleased him. He pointed in the direction we were supposed to go and said, "Poorple heels," and waved us goodbye.

Purple hills. For most of the 144 miles from Laredo, Texas, where we crossed the border, to Monterrey, along the Inter-American Highway, we were in sight of

purple hills—the eastern Sierra Madre. Then at Monterrey we turned sharply westward and climbed the fifty-three miles over the hump and into "Salt-ee-yo."

Saltillo, capital of Coahuila, is a lovely place. Lying nearly a mile in the air; it is bathed in cool and brilliant sunshine and is washed now and again by dramatic mountain storms. When the saw-tooth peaks of the Sierra Madre appear and disappear with the passing of clouds, when the sun sets like fireworks, you are not only in a foreign country, you are in another world.

You don't go to Saltillo just for a day or two. You don't dash into it for a postcard or to "do" the main plaza, the market, a cathedral and a few shops, and then rush back to the States and crow to the neighbors about what a seasoned

Above right: Sometimes the sun sets like fireworks over the Sierra Madre. Below right: A fiesta at Saltillo may be staged with a hill for background.



traveler you are. Saltillo won't have it. It wants more of you—and you'll want more of it.

In this city of nearly 50,000 persons, a great deal of what there is to see is hidden behind the imposing fronts of the main streets. To get at the essentials, one must have a certain amount of abandon, a sense of adventure, and no appointments for later on. The guiding principle must be this: every side street, every alley, every passageway between buildings conceals some of the more interesting facts about the place, and to get at them, one simply walks in.

You develop an appreciation of Saltillo in precisely the same way that you develop an appreciation of other fine things, such as music, food, or art. It takes time. The first impression is interesting enough—the square with its sixteenth century cathedral on one side and governor's palace on the other, the incongruity of a Ford advertisement on a roof and baroque Spanish buildings close by, modern times from north of the Rio Grande sitting in uneasy relation to the culture of Castile.

In a few days you begin to branch off into the side streets. You find shaded plazas and out-of-the-way churches. You find that a view of the flaming afternoon sky from the Ojo de Agua becomes habit-forming. The sights and sounds and smells become familiar, you learn the subtler joys of Mexican cooking, and you begin to recognize faces and find

yourself exchanging smiles with the *Saltillenses*.

One of the great pleasures, I learned, was just to sit in the shade on a well-worn bench in the market place and watch the people go by—the Spaniards, the Indians, the mestizos, and the touring *Americanos*.

The crooked, cobblestone streets of Saltillo are lined with adobe houses. You peer into a dark doorway, hear the clank of a hand loom, and go in to watch the designs unfold on a new *serape*. From behind a closed door comes the pat-pat of a tortilla maker. A charcoal vendor comes along the narrow street, his donkey carrying huge bags on either side. In a nearby patio a woodcarver works. Trouble has come to the next house, for a grief-laden melody issues from the open doorway.

The capricious weather of the Sierra Madres unleashes a brief torrent of rain, and you hide in a doorway and discover a skilled silversmith, whose beautiful creations are for sale. Nearby is a leather worker whose hand-tooled bags are works of art.

Thus, little by little, you come to know Saltillo. When we left, old Maria, with whom I had become acquainted on the corner near us, gave us a huge melon to eat on the way. The sun had struck the cathedral with a glorious light and behind it clouds mounted thunderously into an intense sky.



Key West street scene—Truman Avenue at Margaret Street.

Key West

by Colin G. Jameson

paintings by George Yater

KEY WEST is my favorite town because in geography, climate, history, atmosphere, and attitude it stands by itself.

Our "Southernmost City" is situated on an island 125 miles at sea, yet you drive to it in your car. The lowest winter temperature ever recorded was 41. Technically you are in Florida, but the local culture came out of the ocean, from New England, Cuba and the Bahamas.

The Overseas Highway has brought the mainland closer to Key West, but so far it has failed to kill the town's foreign flavor. Nor has it diluted its independent temperament, which combines a pioneering get-it-done-somehow spirit with a loving respect for the philosophy of *siesta* and *mañana*.

A bland acceptance of the unreal is part of the charm of a place where a lot of things are unreal, including the weather and the 156-mile lifeline to Miami. The views from the Overseas Highway's forty-nine bridges, which range up to seven miles in length, are as impossible as they come. On one horizon you have the deep blue of the Gulf Stream; close on the other side are the aquamarines and sandy greens of the Gulf of Mexico, dotted with dark mangrove islets. Between bridges, there are miles upon miles of road where an occasional wind-blown fishing camp is the only sign of life. You seem to be driving off the end of the world.

After such a journey it is a startling surprise to come suddenly upon a close-knit little city whose narrow streets are jammed with traffic, including some of the most elephantine trucks that ever grazed a fender. Key West proper occupies only three square miles, and this lack of space is one thing that differentiates it from the resorts "way up there in Florida." The omnipresent Navy is what first catches your eye. If you're looking for a motel, you find most of them near the beach at the nation's southernmost point. From there, you can drive from the Atlantic to the Gulf without clocking more than a mile—another Key West exclusive.

There has been much building in Key West lately, but the older architecture, a combination of New England and Bahamian, still predominates. Batteries of porches are the rule, paint is weathered or has given place to the silver-gray of salt-cured wood, and chimneys are considered unpatriotic. Coral-dusted alleys echo with Cuban music and the shouts of children, who alternate Spanish with "Conch," a dialect distantly related to English cockney. To talk Conch, you put a clothespin on your nose, raise your voice an octave, and address yourself to someone in the next block.

In the "wider" streets are many restaurants, some in the open air. Menus offer such specialties as turtle steak, conch chowder, crawfish *enchilada* and many of the six hundred kinds



of fish which may be caught in this fisherman's heaven. The abundance of fish may account for the legions of southernmost cats, each of which is equipped with an elongated, jackal-like muzzle for more efficient garbage-can exploration.

Whether you are on Solares Hill, a dizzy twenty-two feet above sea level, or in the newer sections of town, the subtropical growth makes you reach for your non-existent passport. The coco palm is everywhere and would probably take over entirely if not savagely controlled by electric company linemen and other natural enemies. Royal poincianas line the streets. In the gardens grow unbelievable things like sausage and Cuban gourd trees, as well as exotic and useful fruits such as tamarinds, sapodillas, Key limes, mangos, guavas and papayas. Hibiscus, crotons, oleanders, bougainvillea and poinsettias make many a yard a kaleidoscope of color. After the brief blaze of the sunset, an intoxicating scent of flowers fills the soft night air. Were it not for the distant bleating of a Navy shore patrolman's whistle, you might think you were in some forgotten South Seas paradise.

How did the phenomenon called Key West come about? Four hundred years ago "The Rock" looked so barren that the passing Ponce de Leon didn't give it a second glance. Indeed, the renowned rejuvenation expert was so soured by his failure to find the Fountain of Youth that he visualized the Florida Keys as "men who are suffering" and labeled them "Los Martires," or "The Martyrs."

Actual flesh and blood sufferers were eventually provided in 1763 by the Coloosa Indians, who were driven to Key West by enemies and exterminated. Their bleached remains gave the island its Spanish name of "Cayo Hueso," or "Bone Key," later Anglicized to Key West.

The shades of the Coloosas were the only permanent inhabitants till 1822, when Commodore Porter arrived to mop up the Caribbean pirates. Porter was followed by settlers from New England, the South and the Bahamas. Many of these, encouraged by the frequent nautical disasters in the Florida Straits, became professional wreckers. By 1835, twenty ships were busily profiting from other people's bad luck. In "good" years (i.e., when the weather was terrible), receipts are said to have reached \$1,500,000. In 1852, alas, a killjoy government

Monroe County Courthouse, official southern terminal of U.S. 1→



Solares Hill, a "dizzy twenty-two feet above sea level" →

installed reef lights.

During the Civil War, Key West held the hinge position in the blockade of the South, and 299 blockade runners were escorted into port. A few years later Cuban tobacco interests arrived and Key West became the nation's cigar manufacturing center and the largest city in Florida. But in 1886 fire destroyed half the town and most of the factories. The rest were driven to Tampa by labor troubles. The idle workers who stayed in Key West were finally rewarded with the Spanish War, which rescued them economically by bringing the Navy back to town.

During World War II, Key West was an important anti-U-boat base, and it has remained a focus of submarine and anti-submarine activities. The air field on nearby Boca Chica Island fills the sky with planes day and night. More than 10,000 naval personnel and dependents are stationed at Key West, and 1,000 of the city's 22,000 civilians work in the Navy Yard.

The Navy is the island's biggest business, but runner-up is the booming shrimp industry which came alive last year with the discovery sixty miles away of practically inexhaustible beds. More traditional occupations are sponge and commercial fishing and the processing of green sea turtles from Grand Cayman island. These huge reptiles await their fate in pens known as "crawls," and their attitude is one of placid resignation unless a hurricane comes along. Then, like everyone else, they tend to go home.

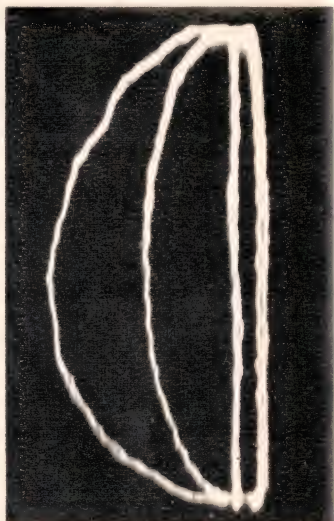
Hurricanes? What hurricanes? Though Key West will average a dozen years without a real blow, many a loyal "Conch" will swear that even these infrequent affairs are imaginary. In 1948, when the Miami papers insinuated that a recent breeze had damaged the island city, a local newspaper man rushed into print to deny that the wind had exceeded 75 miles per hour, though the Navy had clocked gusts at 160.

"Call that a hurricane?" he scoffed. "I didn't see any signs of any hurricane. Why, at the height of the storm I was going up Ann Street in a boat . . ."

I was in Key West for that party, and I didn't see anything either. Not till a week later when the lights in my closet came on again.

Key West Lighthouse rises 100 feet amidst stores and houses →





An operator is shown fitting a shock absorber into the testing machine. The light patterns at right were made during tests of front and rear shock absorbers (top and bottom respectively). The outer lines were recorded at the 170-cycle speed, the inner lines at 85 and the center line for reference. Compression is on the left, rebound on the right.

Electronics for a Smoother Ride

photographs by Dick McKay

SHOCK absorbers are one of the greatest contributors to the "soft" ride of present day automobiles. Their function is to govern the action of the equally "soft" springs which are the basis of comfortable motoring.

Until the middle or late twenties, shock absorbers were not standard equipment, and passengers had to depend on "hard," or rigid springs to hold sprung weight as well as to provide a small measure of cushioning from the bad roads of the day.

Shock absorbers permit the use of more flexible springs by holding them within the limits of desired flexing. In other words, during all degrees of road impacts the shock absorbers keep the easier-riding springs from hitting "bottom" or "top."

The machine pictured at the left, the only one of its type, is used by Ford's Quality Control Department to test a certain percentage of each shipment of Ford Viscous Control shock absorbers. These are of the telescopic, direct acting type, in which a piston, traveling through oil, compresses and rebounds to control spring action.

The testing machine, powered by a 10-horsepower electric motor, can operate at either 85 or 170 up and down motions per minute. A shock absorber placed in the machine receives the equivalent of long road action.

Action of the shock absorber under test is measured and checked with electronic apparatus controlled by a galvanometer. The performance of the unit being tested is traced by a tiny pinpoint of light on a screen, seen on the upper center of the machine in the photograph at left, enabling the operator to determine by the light's pattern whether the shock absorber passes the rigid examination.

An unusual feature of the machine is a built-in polaroid camera which can photograph the light pattern of a shock absorber under test and provide a finished record of the test within a minute or so.

As a result of this constant testing, the thousands of shock absorbers used daily are kept within the tolerance necessary to produce a smooth, effortless ride.





The Valley of the Goblins

story and photographs by Willard Luce

TUCKED AWAY in the Green-river Desert of Utah is a fantastic mile-square area called "The Valley of the Goblins." It was virtually unknown until about two years ago. Arthur L. Chaffin, who operates the Colorado River ferry at Hite, claims to have discovered it in 1923, but it wasn't until 1949 that he led a party into the Valley.

It's not easy to reach, nor even easy to find, and taking a guide along is advisable. The dangers are no more than those of any desert travel—for which extra water, food, tire patching equip-

ment and a shovel are requisites—but without a guide you may never find the Valley. Worthin Jackson, of Fremont, guides parties from that point, and it is possible to find guides in Green-river, which is 186 miles south-east of Salt Lake City, on U. S. 6 and 50.

Drive south from Greenriver on State Highway 24, a graded dirt road, for about thirty miles, then turn west (right) on a sand road, past Garvin Wells, an old ranch. Five miles from Route 24 there is a fork; turn south (left) for another eight or ten miles until the road

Above left: The author's son, Ray, delights in a goblin's world.

Below left: Shale-capped clay has eroded into weird formations.



← *Narrow canyons twist upward to the high east wall of the Valley.*

curves definitely west. The Valley of the Goblins is about a mile and a half south and a little east from this curve. With a truck you can drive farther in its general direction; otherwise leave your car and walk. There's no road—only sage, sand and rock.

The Valley is actually higher than most of the surrounding desert, and it is further secluded by ledges that almost completely surround it. As a result, you come upon it with a suddenness which gives the thrill of actual discovery. All at once you are confronted with thousands of weird shapes eroded by wind and water from the clay which is capped with slate boulders. There are camels, lions, turtles—any animal you fancy—and contorted faces by the hundreds. Here is a fairy ring—there a witch's cave. There are thousands of toadstool-like formations. Beneath them you half expect to see fairies dancing or elves at play, and if you listen carefully in the desert silence you may fancy that you hear the tapping of a leprechaun.

Narrow, twisting canyons work their way upward toward the east wall, which is the highest. From here you can look across the desert to the east, where Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch had their famous Robbers' Roost in the eighties and nineties. You cannot help wondering if they knew of the

Valley, or if perhaps it was one of their hide-outs. It's not impossible, for only a few miles to the north is Buckhorn Springs, one of the few sources of good water in the Greenriver Desert.

Looking westward you can see Wild Horse Mesa—the setting of Zane Grey's novel, "Wildfire." Charlie Gibbons, who still lives in Hanksville, is the man who captured the wild stallion which Grey called Wildfire, on which the story is based.

Wild horses are still hunted and captured on the Greenriver Desert. Most of them are worthless, but occasionally one is caught which indicates that Wildfire was much more than just a figment of a prolific writer's imagination. Such a horse is Sinbad, captured by Dr. Reed Holdaway of Springville, Utah. A beautiful black, with a bally face and two white stockings, Sinbad is now owned by Rhea Sund of Sandy, Utah.

In this vast desert land there must be other corners like the Valley of the Goblins—beautiful, fantastic, unknown. But they are not apt to remain unknown for very long.

The search for vanadium and uranium is rapidly opening up southeastern Utah, pushing roads and trails deeper and deeper into a now-unmapped wilderness. The traveling public will be quick to follow.

← *Sinbad, captured from a wild herd, and his owner, Miss Rhea Sund.*



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Lingnan, New York

Steak Kew

12 ounces prime sirloin steak, cubed
1 ounce Chinese black mushrooms
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce water chestnuts
1 ounce bamboo shoots
1 ounce snow peas
2 ounces Chinese vegetables
3 ounces celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce oyster sauce
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and sugar, to taste

Sauté cubed steak with oyster sauce. Cook vegetables separately. Put steak on top of vegetables when served. "Makes excellent

taste and proud presentation," says the manager, Jimmy Moy.

A combination of excellent Chinese cooking, interesting interior design and moderate prices has made this New York City restaurant a favorite of gourmets. Open daily from noon to 2:00 a.m., it is on Broadway at 94th Street.

←painting of Lingnan by George Shellhase

←painting of Jonesy's Candlelight Inn by Marion Terry

Jonesy's Candlelight Inn, Florida

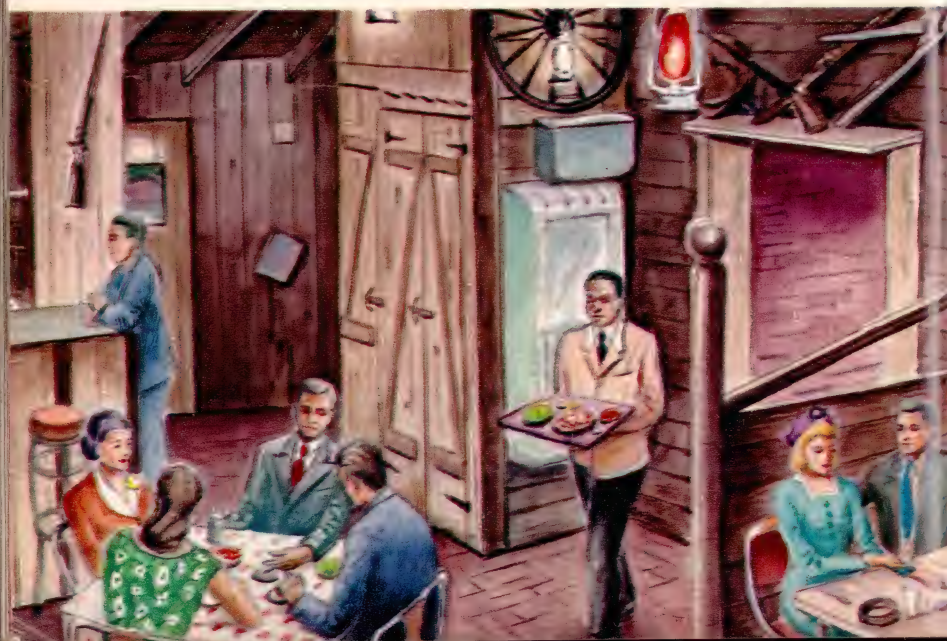
Key Lime Pie

4 eggs separated
 $1\frac{1}{8}$ cups sweetened condensed milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lime juice
1 8-inch pastry shell, baked
8 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
Vanilla

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored; fold in condensed milk and lime juice. Pour into baked pie shell. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in sugar, sprinkling a little at a time over the

surface of the egg whites. Flavor. Spread over pie and brown in 350° oven for about 15 minutes.

Sally Jones, who greets all the customers here, finds time to bake the pastries and rolls and also to produce some of the paintings on the restaurant's walls. Open for dinner every day, it's at 3131 Commodore Plaza in Miami.



Belmont Mansion, Pennsylvania

Duckling Bigarade

Bone a 5-6 pound duckling. Salt and pepper it and roast for about 25 minutes. To make the sauce, fry the bones lightly, adding some stock. Simmer until the consistency of sauce. Remove bones and add 2 tablespoons currant jelly, juice of two large oranges and a few fine julienne orange peel slices. Fry boned duckling lightly in butter. Place on platter and cover with thick slices of orange; top with sauce. Serve with chestnut glaze* and wild rice. *Chestnut glaze: Peel

and boil large chestnuts in bouillon to which butter and a little sugar have been added. Allow to simmer until chestnuts are glazed and an even brown.

Situated in one of the most beautiful, historic homes in Philadelphia, Belmont Mansion is now open every day except Monday for dinner. It's just off Belmont Avenue close to City Line.

←painting of Belmont Mansion by Alois Fabry, Jr.

←painting of The Stable by Thomas Marker

The Stable, Tennessee

"Florida Fried" Shrimp

1 pound one-ounce shrimp
1 cup milk
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound crackers, finely ground
Shortening

Shell shrimp but do not remove tail. Split down the back with a sharp knife, being careful not to cut through. Lay out flat and bread with crumbs. Dip in combined egg and milk mixture and bread again, shaking off excess crumbs. (The chef here claims most people leave too many crumbs on shrimp.) Bring shortening to 350° and fry shrimp for three

minutes or a bit longer if preferred crisp. Serve with cocktail sauce. Makes three servings.

A remodeled barn on U.S. 64 and 70 near downtown Memphis, The Stable gained international fame during World War II by serving Ferry Command passengers from around the world. Today 90 percent of the customers order the fried shrimp. Open for lunch and dinner.



The Shamrock, Texas

Creamed Chicken Hongroise (for 8)

1 chicken, 5 to 6 pounds
2 carrots
3 onions, medium size
2 shallots
2 stalks celery
1 leek
1½ ounces salt
1 ounce butter
1 teaspoon paprika
1 ounce flour
½ pint milk
½ cup cream
2 soup spoons cream

Cover chicken with water and bring to boil. Add carrots, 2 onions, celery, leek, and salt. Cook for two hours, then remove from pan and strain stock through cheesecloth. Bone the fowl and

cut into small pieces. Cut up one onion and shallots and cook in melted butter until brown. Add paprika and flour; stir and cook for five minutes; slowly pour in stock and boiling milk. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add meat and two soup spoons of boiling cream. Bring mixture to a boil. Serve with boiled rice.

Visitors to the ultra-modern Shamrock Hotel in Houston are as delighted with the excellent meals turned out under the direction of the executive chef, Philippe Fève, as they are with the unusual décor.

←painting of The Shamrock by Alois Fabry, Jr.

←painting of Mammy's Shanty by John A. King

Mammy's Shanty, Georgia

Blueberry Muffins

1¾ cups wheat bran
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup flour
2 cups milk
3 eggs
1 cup Wesson oil
1½ cups blueberries
1 teaspoon baking powder

Combine all ingredients, except oil and mix well. Stir in oil last. Bake in small well greased muffin cups in 425° oven.

Chicken Shortcake

Heat ½ pint of cream and 1 cup milk in a double boiler. Add to this ¾ cup

chicken fat. To ⅛ pound of melted butter slowly blend ½ cup flour and 1½ teaspoons salt and a dash of pepper. Add cream mixture. Stir in 2 ounces chopped pimiento, 4 ounces diced mushrooms and 4 cups cooked, diced chicken. Serve over hot egg bread slices, biscuits or pastry shells. Six servings.

Tourists and natives have put their stamp of approval on Mammy's Shanty at 1480 Peachtree Street, N.W., in Atlanta. Open the year round for lunch and dinner.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

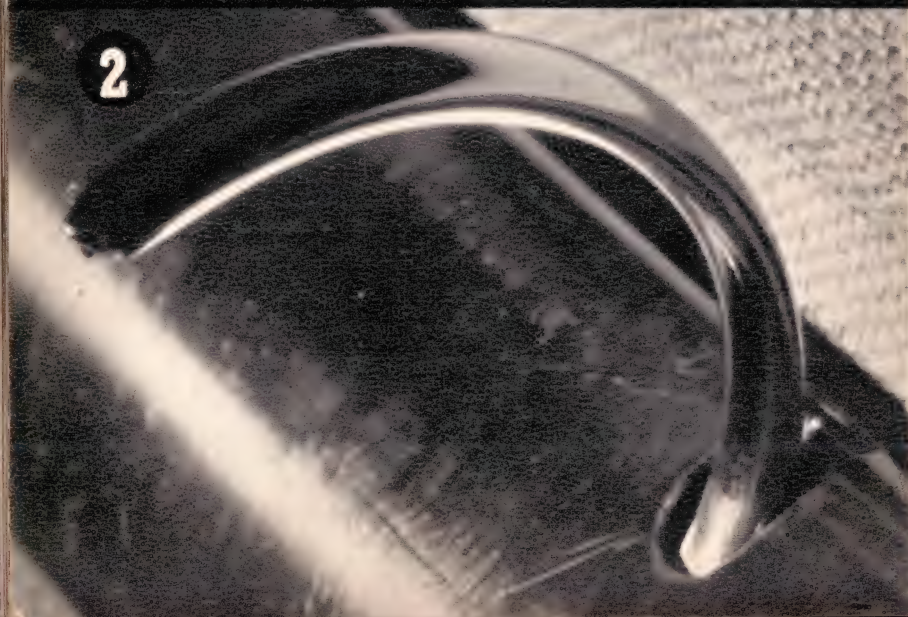
Students will have the edge in identifying these old faithfuls of the classroom. Of course, the camera has managed to catch them at slightly unfamiliar angles. Answers on page 63.

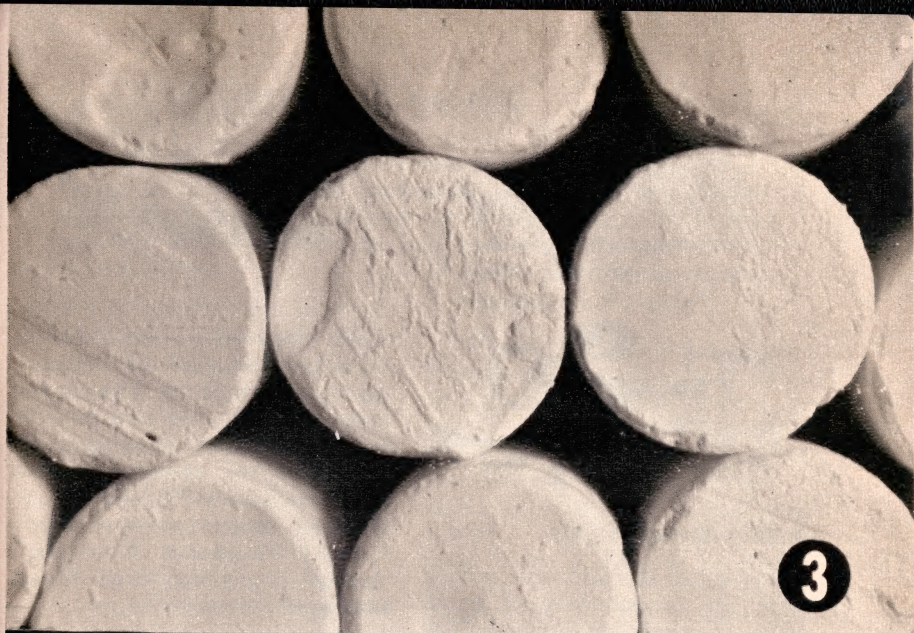
photos by Edwin Way Teale

1

Not a block of cement or a crane hook . . .

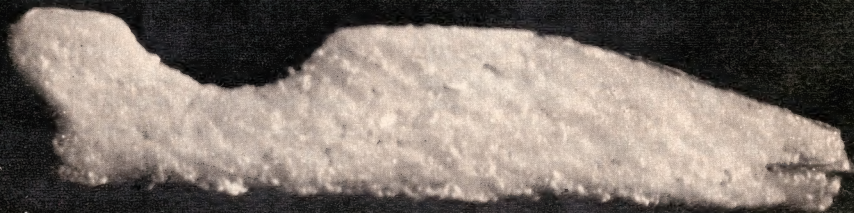
2





... neither cigarettes nor a piece of ice.

4



Where Is It?

With the advent of the new year we decided to select cities which are "new" cities. Most have been named for some old world community dear to the hearts of the early settlers. See how many of these cities you can identify before checking the answers on page 63.



1 Hardware City

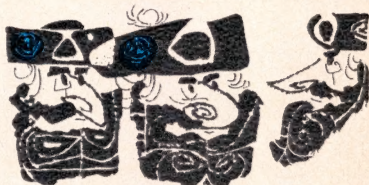
Industrial development started with the manufacture of sleigh bells . . . produces almost half of the builders' hardware made in the Nutmeg State . . . on State Highways 10 and 72 . . . birthplace of Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," lecturer, writer and apostle of international brotherhood . . . a colorful Ukrainian Festival is held every March.



2 Art Colony

Once called Coryell's Ferry, its modern name was derived from the name of a new flour mill . . . center of one of the permanent artists' colonies in the East . . . built

along the bank of the Delaware . . . a portion of the old Delaware Canal, first built in 1831, is now state property and is a popular spot for boating, swimming and ice skating . . . meeting point of State Highways 263 and 32 . . . summer visitors come to the Bucks County Playhouse from June through September to see Broadway productions.



3 On the Neuse and Trent

Swiss and German colonists settled this town in 1710 . . . named for an old world capital . . . the first Provincial Congresses met here in 1774 and 1775 . . . at the meeting point of the Neuse and Trent Rivers . . . world's largest Marine Air Station, Cherry Point, southeast of here . . . on U. S. 17 . . . second oldest town in North Carolina . . . not far from Croatan National Forest.



4 Sugar Bowl

Early Spanish settlers gave this district the ancient name of their country . . . on Bayou Teche, about which is woven Longfellow's "Evangeline" . . . large crops of sugar, corn, rice, cotton and vegetables grown in the area . . . nearby ante-bellum mansion, Shadows-on-the-Teche, open to visitors daily . . . on U.S. 90 . . . oil a comparatively new industry . . . a large cooperative sugar mill helps handle the tremendous sugar crop.



5 Milling Center

Home of the Dr. Martin Luther College . . . early settlers named it for a cathedral city in Württemberg, Germany . . . less than a hundred years ago the scene of one of the important battles of the Sioux uprising . . . on U.S. 14 . . . near Cottonwood River State Park and Flandrau State Park . . . largest city-owned swimming pool in the state here . . . milling, one of its earliest industries, still a leading source of income.



6 Home of the "Robert E. Lee"

When Indianapolis was swamp-land and forest this community was the largest in Indiana . . . extends for two miles along the banks of the Ohio . . . across the river is a city in another state . . . noted as a famous shipbuilding center . . . the famous Mississippi boat *Robert E. Lee* was built here in 1866 . . . the Scribner House constructed in 1814 is the oldest frame residence in town and was restored and opened to the public by the D.A.R. . . . twenty-seven mile Skyline Drive affords the motorist an excellent view of the surrounding countryside . . . on U.S. 150 and 31W . . . named for the state capital of its founders.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Rubber eraser
2. One of the open rings of a looseleaf notebook
3. Looking down on the ends of pieces of chalk in a box
4. End of a ruler

Where Is It?

1. New Britain, Connecticut
2. New Hope, Pennsylvania
3. New Bern, North Carolina
4. New Iberia, Louisiana
5. New Ulm, Minnesota
6. New Albany, Indiana

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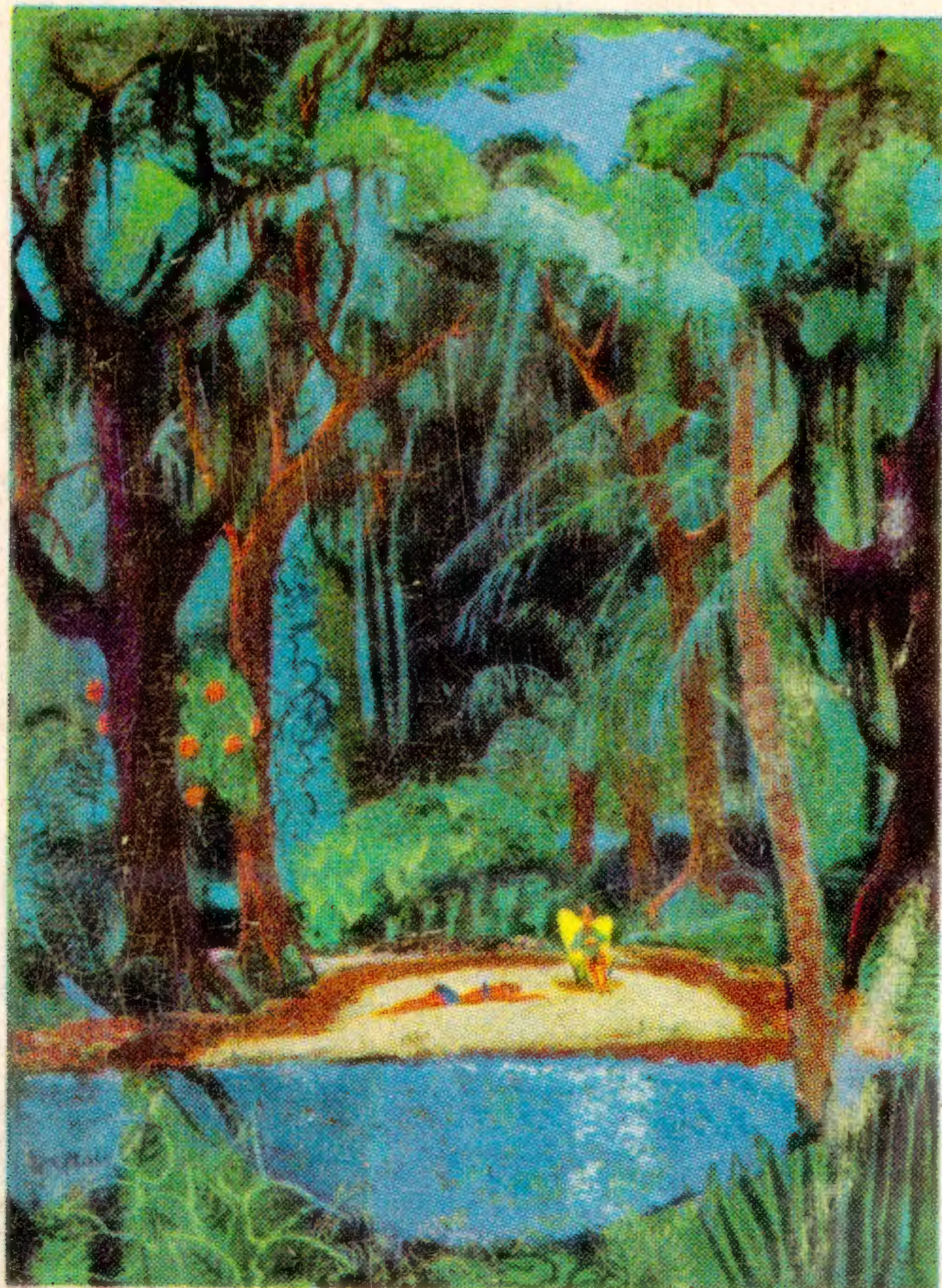
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Front cover—The last word in modern vacationing (note the lounging wing chair) against a backdrop of ancient Florida jungle. Painting by Bill Moss, illustrator of "Operation Fish," page 2.

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